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1911

POEMS
OF
LLEWELLYN L. RODMAN
1911



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DEDICATED TO MY MOTHER



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East Hartford, Conn.

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MY EXPERIENCE.

Composed For Grange Experience Meeting.

I wonder how jolly a fellow would feel
After being upset by an automobile?
A large one, I mean, perhaps forty horse power,
With a mile rate of fifty or sixty an hour?

I'm employed (you all know) by Mr. ---H. C.,
And one Friday morning, the first thing, says he,
You may draw from the Naubuc coal yard, to-day.
So I harnessed the horse and we started away.

'Twas a beautiful morning along in the Fall,
The traveling was rough, and one needed a shawl,
We arrived, team was loaded, and still to be spry,
Started right home again old horse and I.

But alas!!! while returning, when half way Main St.,
Lo and behold! and what should I meet?
'Twas an automobile, coming on with all speed
Like a Boston express, or a runaway steed.

Don't question as to whether I turned to the right
Or the left, 'cuz they both were far beyond might;
Nor if I was scared, for how would you feel,
If you saw the mad face on an automobile?

Honk!!! Honk!!! ,twas the warning, sure to be heard,
But twas only two seconds or three, 'pon my word,
Ere that monster drew nigh, and went past like a deer,
With a treat in its steps for the eye, nose, and ear.

I escaped through great luck, without scratch or a bruise;
I found that the shoe strings were safe on both shoes,
Yet I'm doubtful if any can tell how I feel,
Whenever I think of that automobile.

THANKSGIVING.

We are waiting for Thanksgiving
The best day of the year,
When we get such high living,
That, well, it puts us out of gear.

We are sighing for the turkey
And good old pumpkin pie.
We're planning for a grand old time.
So the bird has got to die.

We are waiting for Thanksgiving,
The best day in the Fall;
We are dreaming of the dinner bell.
That is sure to fetch us all.

Everybody wears a smile
For that day, in the future, bright.
And it hardly seems all golden dreams
Will be changed on Thursday night.

We're waiting for Thanksgiving,
The best day of the year.
O! Say! "We're such a jolly crowd"
Because 'twill soon be here.

THE FARMER.

Where can as mighty a man be found,
As he that humbly tills the ground,
And bids it yield:
Whose work is oft to level low
The tares and weeds, that quickly grow
Within the field.

His hands are marked with honor's brand,
And oft his shoes half filled with sand,
But naught he fears;
He battles, and through victory feeds
His fellow-men, supplying needs.
Relieving cares.

Where were our city pomp and boast,
Yea, and it's men of wealth, a host,
In rich array;
Without the gifts of farm, alas!
Sure as the dew upon the grass,
They'd pass away.

Yea, and the nation honors those.
Ready to meet the many foes,
That long for strife;
But where's the Farmer's trophy fair?
Is there no song of praise to share
With him in life?

O, thou, with marks of honest toil
Upon thy hands, made by the soil
In battles true;
O, learn to labor and to wait,
Until is ope'd the Heavenly gate,
To let thee through.

In heaven the great and small are tried:
And poor deserving ones, who've died
 Without a name:
Tis then the few and faithful here,
Within that hour shall have no fear,
 Nor brand of shame.

Meekly before the Mercy Seat,
The Farmer, whith his task complete
 On earth below:
Awaits, and I hear the Holy One,
In benediction, say, "Well done,"
 "In peace may go."

CHRISTMAS.

Silence the sound of life's battle,
And lift thy heart in praise:
Praise to the child of the manger
Who is King of this day of days.

And think of it as the Alpha,
But not as Alpha alone;
We know God calls it Omega,
The day of light to the throne.

Silence the sound of life's battle,
For the day of peace has come;
And the harp gives the note-universal
Instead of the stirring drum.

The nations regard each other
With brotherly love, at last:
Soon will the arts of destruction
Be notes of a shameful past.

To-day the world's great kingdoms
The Christ-child's have become:
There's a harp at the grand coronation
Instead of the stirring drum.

The sound of life's battle is silenced;
All hearts, now filled with praise,
Are seeking the Child of the manger,
Who is King of this day of days.

COMPOSED ON THE OCCASION OF AN
EXCHANGE OF PROGRAMME.

BY HILLSTOWN GRANGE AT GOOD WILL.

We've come to spend the evening
With Good Will Grange, and say,
'Twas awfully hard for us to wait
Until the close of day.

We've counted every passing hour
For the past two weeks or so;
And don't know as we ever saw
Time move so blasted slow.

We're here to entertain you,
How much I cannot tell;
For most of you, I'm sure, do know
Our Grange has not been well.

We have some dialogues, to-night:
So I don't need to mention
The fact, that when our band begins
We'd like your kind attention.

At Installation meeting,
A few weeks ago, 'twas then
You called upon our little grange,
And we look for you again.

When you invited us down here,
Two things you didn't state;
And trusting that neither contravenes
Propriety, I'll relate.

You might have said, 'twould have been alright
Our confidence to win,
Good Will meets down the river;
Come down anytime, and drop in.

Or we should certainly have acquiesced,
If you had only said;
"Our grange hall is across from the cemetery,
If you ever go by, drop dead."

And because you didn't state these facts,
Of course you're not to blame;
For if we had been in your shoes
We should never have told the same.

LINES TO FRIENDS.

O! that I were master
Of either violin or banjo;
What a pleasure to surprise you both
And serenade with song.

But to render music hazy,
Would set all the neighbors crazy,
And the Officer would soon appear,
To order me along.

So the only way befitting,
When my congrat—s are due,
Is to write a little poem,
Here is one for you.

I wish you happiness, my friends,
Through all your journey long,
The mornings bright with golden hopes,
The evenings lit with song.

Until the end of time.
Your lives in truest harmony,
With sweetest music and the rhyme,
No harsh discordancy.

And too, I ask, that the master
Of all, human and divine,
Who at the Cana marriage
Changed water into wine.

May with the royal sceptre
And magic of His might,
Touch every task and trial,
And crown them ever bright.

THE GAME OF "QUOITS."

The merriest game to play,
When the hour is free for sports,
(And the champions are away,)
Is the science game of "Quoits"

You may have a coaching friend,
To prompt the unskilled hand;
But it takes some nerve to send
A quoit to safely land.

It takes a good keen eye,
To judge the distance right;
And most all men and boys
Enjoy the game of "Quoits"

A few years ago we met
To the number of a score,
Every day it was the go
By our little grocery store.

Each boasted of his skill,
And played with all his might
From after supper time, until
The closing in of night.

'Tis a merry game to play,
When the hour is free for sports,
(And the champion is away)
The science game of "Quoits."

LINES TO HILLSTOWN HALL.

Dear Hillstown Hall, our meeting place
For pleasure and for duty,
We come to thee at evenings gloam,
We love thy simple beauty.
We come to thee for goodly work,
For pleasures without number,
To act a part, or join in talk,
Before the hours of slumber.
We come to thee on Holy day,
Whilst love and duty calleth,
To voice our praise, or else to pray
For those whom ill befalleth.
We often come on Holy day
With weary hearts and lowly,
For gems of joy that shall abide
In friendships true and holy.
Our neighbors leave their many cares
To welcome sacred memories:
Oft noted men ascend thy stairs
To serve at our assemblies.
Our fathers, who so freely gave
Their time and task to welding,
Forever in our hearts shall live
Though time decays their building.
Dear Hall, thou art a goodly place
For song or special debate,
To discuss the topics of the hour,
Of farm, or town, or state.
Thy needed music soundeth sweet,
And songs do echo freely
From out thy doors to aged ones,
Detained from coming socially.

So, dear hall, accept these lines
As best I have to offer ;
Had I e'en the vested power,
I'd praise thee at thine altar.

But thou, in years that are to come,
O, open with thy portals,
Make thy breast a sacred rest
To welcome weary mortals.

THE FARM GIRL AS SEEN BY THE CITY YOUTH.

My un-assuming farmer girl,
With not a trace of care,
With eyes of a celestial hue
And features wondrous fair.

You transport me to farm-land,
Where fields the finest don;
And where is a poet honored stream,
Forever flowing on.

Yes, you've been visiting the wood,
And have crossed the field of flowers
Because their grand effectiveness
Is portrayed in that face of yours.

And while recedes the western sun
Beyond the fields domain
You are returning home again
With some flowerets from the plain.

With gems from field and wood,
Your worship and your care,
And all their grand effectiveness
Is portrayed in your face, so fair.

WHAT IS LIFE?

What is life, that man must toil,
And struggle till the hour of death,
And then be laid beneath the soil
Away from friends, apart from breath?

What is life, the smile, the tear,
The laboring for the things of earth?
To fight, to hold existence here,
This the only goal of worth?

What is life? O friends, let's give
The kindly word to hearts in trouble,
Prove 'tis worth the while to live
In a seeming endless struggle.

What is life, but truest love,
Bringing joy to those in tears,
Waiting for the life above,
Holding Truth for future years?

OUR PATH OF DUTY.

Our path of duty lies before,
Urging us into strife,
That, when the ardent tasks are o'er,
We may have the crown of life.

But other pleasure paths are nigh,
Fair tempting unto some,
Yet, if we walk them, bye and bye
We lose that life to come.

O thou, who walked this duty path,
Alone, forsook by all,
Help us to follow in Thy steps,
E'en though the Heavens fall.

No other path that we may choose
Is worth the toil or time:
No other, save the duty path,
Gives joy and peace sublime.

O trust it, youth, with spirit grand,
With buoyant heart and soul:
It leads unto all heights unscaled.
Whate'er may be your goal.

And it appeals to maidens all,
Who love the good and fair,
And seek to win a crown of life;
It leads them safely there.

Yea, it appeals unto us all,
To lead us to our goal;
For a duty path, whate'er befall,
Is an anchor to the soul.

HILLSTOWN GRANGE ANNIVERSARY
POEM.

To Plymouth once came a noble band
Of Pilgrims, seeking a freedom land,
Where of a monarch's power relieved,
God could be worshipped as they believed.

Good homes were left: pride and name,
As undauntingly over the sea they came:
Although unprepared to find a career
In a land of uncivilization drear.

Yet, how true, "If the cross we will not bear,
We cannot have hope a crown to wear":
The Pilgrims, we feel, this maxim knew.
So great were the trials which many
passed through.

Soon they had homes in a freedom land:
Then churches were built, schools were planned:
The work lies unfinished which they begun,
But a world's approval their motives won.

Brothers and Sisters, this eve we're here,
Our Grange anniversary to revere:
So a few moments our thoughts let's arrange
In memory of those who founded our grange.

There are present a few, some are abroad,
The remaining ones rest at peace with God;
But their works, like the Pilgrim's naught
can defeat

'Tis intrusted to us to revive and complete.

The Pilgrims crossed the mighty sea;
Our Fathers showed courage for you and me,
In volunteer service wherever the call,
They won new members and built this hall.

So it remains for us to be true,
Never to swerve from the good we can do;
But to build up our grange in truth and in right,
And at last have it crowned as a blessing
and light.

SPRINGTIME.

'Tis good to see Nature smile again,
After winter dark and freezing;
'Tis good to see earth's stolid face
Slowly changed so fair and pleasing.

As we behold that germ of smile
Back of cold Winter's frowning,
Measure its steps, and watch the while,
We find it Autumn crowning.

Kind Nature lifts it's palsied arm,
That lies on Winter's bosom;
Frost is dispelled as days grow warm;
Come hopes of bud and blossom.

'Tis a joy to watch the seed of light,
Work upon earth as leaven;
Until is conformed its darkest night
To the beauteous like of Heaven.

LADS ON THE FARM.

The lads on the farm grow weary
Of the never ending toil;
Their work in life seems dreary,
Though 'tis gathering of the spoil.

And oftentimes they envy
Their brother lads in town,
And trust in some glad future
Their privileges to own.

'Tis simply a change they long for,
To wear some other shield,
To show their strength and courage
Outside the farming field.

Can we blame them for being weary
Of the patient endless tread.
When each day's unfinished labor
Beclouds the path ahead?

Yet he who stays in farm-land,
Cheerfully reaps and sows,
Gains a wondrous health and vigor,
Which the city ne'er bestows.

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LINES ON THE SPANISH AMERICAN
WAR.

War is begun, our enemy, Spain,
Must fight, for she destroyed our Maine,
Or else submit to law, and pay
The indemnity without delay.

If she did thus, 'twould sure bring peace,
The dreaded war would quickly cease,
Our soldiers homeward could return
To be with those for whom they yearn.

But Spain is so stiff-necked! O My!
Our indemnity she must defy,
For e'en though a nation small, yet she,
In warlike haste has crossed the sea.

War is begun, nor will it cease
Until we conquer them for peace,
So forward with our navy train,
And gracefully humble haughty Spain.

OUR BELEAGURED CITY
SAN FRANCISCO.

O gracious giver of our strength,
Our health, and all we own;
Hold out Thy sceptre, for at length
We would approach Thy throne.

O set Thy boundless mercy free,
That we behold once more
Our Father's face of light and love,
From East to Western shore.

Our city! goal of pride and fair,
It towered within the skies;
Alas, no more! O what despair!
In deep debris it lies.

We more than mourn the cost of walls,
For human blood was shed;
And often grave compassion calls
Have reached the path we tread.

Savior of justice, we believe
Thy ways are true and right;
Forgive and help us to receive
Thy grace and lasting light.

THE BERMUDA ISLES.

Far amid the vast Atlantic,
Are the fair Bermuda Isles,
Small in size, but great in number,
Where perpetual summer smiles.

Seen at first by Juan Bermudas,
Crowned with woods and decked with flowers,
Earthly paradise, but useless
To the Spaniard's warlike powers.

Now a port of mighty Britain,
Fortress of her pride and care:
Famous scene of Shakspeare's "Tempest",
Yet tempestuous storms are rare.

Once the wealth of these bright islands
Was in arrow-root and maize,
Tubers and plebeian onions,
Products of the former days.

Now from there the pure white lily
With it's Easter message comes,
With it's fragrance for our churches,
Hospitals and joyous homes.

Fields abloom with Easter lilies,
Vision grand, delightful shore;
What a place for recreation,
When the stress of work is o'er!

Assisted by J. H. R.

A SONG OF SPRING.

Let us say goodbye to Winter,
For surely 'tis drear and cold;
And welcome the Springtime brighter,
With hopes for a summer of gold.

At dawn the sweetest of singing,
Comes wafted from meadow and grove,
Good cheer to the weary heart bringing
A message of peace and love.

We will say farewell to Winter,
And with a new song at heart,
We will mellow the soil by labor,
Our patience and hope bearing part.

So hands to the plow, brother Farmer,
The stern hoary winter is dead,
And the joys of a future harvest
Are better than hopes that have fled.

THE NOBLE MAN.

Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind. Luke 10: 27.

Beats there, within a mortal breast,
The heart that ever works with zest,
While aiding God and men?
It overcomes the fret and strife,
That fain would soil its pilgrim life.
Lives peaceful 'till the end.

Breathes there a soul both pure and sweet,
And swift to rally from defeat.
Nor lifted up in vain;
Each word such music to the ear,
That all can self resign, to hear,
And hope to hear again?

Battles a body with good strength.
That naught can overthrow at length.
Not proud nor bending low;
But noble, so that all admire,
Giving us the supreme desire,
A man like form to show?

Bears there its cross a noble mind,
With things immortal all confined.
Subduing earthly care;
With thoughts of others all the while,
And bringing to the face a smile,
Portraying all things fair?

O heart, and soul, and strength and mind,
We pray at once for all combined;
Exert thine all, till setting sun;
Then hear the Master's words, "Well Done".

THE BIBLE'S FREE GOLD.

The Bible is a chest of gold,
For underneath the covers,
On every shelf are countless gems
For all kind treasurer lovers.

We may come with the Master key,
Be our lives in youth or spent;
Though rich or poor in this world we may be,
And receive to our heart's content.

But O, alas! God's promise seems
Untrue to many mortals;
So they spend their lives in dreams
Outside the treasury portals.

How foolish we, to work and grieve
For things of brief duration:
While just at hand are many gems
Of wealth for our salvation.

Slaves of our day, but ne'er-the-less,
If we neglect to reason,
As shackled and as bound as they
Within the gloomy prison.

CHILDREN'S DAY.

Not alone our worthy preacher
Have we come this day to hear;
Let the songs and words of children
Also reach the listening ear.

'Tis a day of sacred beauty
And we're glad to welcome all,
Fathers, Mothers, Sisters, Brothers,
Here within this sacred wall.

On a blessed page of pages
In that ever living book,
Are these true words, that "A little child shall
lead them"; search and look.

So, as we listen to their voices,
Tuned unto the perfect praise,
Heavenly Father, may they lead us
Into purer, nobler ways.

Yes, A little child shall lead them,
Not a prophets theme alone.
But to-day, with freinds attentive,
Is the proof of scripture shown.

For unto children have been given
Loving hearts and souls at peace:
They're true harbingers of Heaven,
Bidding strife and carnage cease.

THE SCHOOL TEACHER.

The school teacher does a work for God
In lowly ministration;
For who can estimate the good
Of common education.

AT BERLIN FAIR, 1909.

If Jack and Jill came to Berlin fair
With cider instead of water,
Some people, I think, would purchase a drink,
Though it cost them a dollar'n a quarter.

THE AUTOMOBILE HEARSE.

Way out in one of our western towns
They have an automobile hearse,
And all the people who are ill
Are simply aching to get worse.

They have a band of doctors there,
But M. D.'s cannot turn the tide ;
Folks are dying daily by the score,
To get an automobile ride.

“JOSEPH!”

‘Tis pathetic to read of Joseph,
The pure minded lad of old,
Who was carried away into Egypt,
Despised of his brethren, and sold.

Of his thirteen years of waiting,
With life in a prison dim;
Then cometh those years of famine,
And a nation’s great need of him.

A saviour, though once but a dreamer,
Yet, it seemeth to me,
The dreamer may be as faithful
As the prince with a higher degree.

His preknowledge of Egypt’s famine,
His wisdom at Pharaoh’s throne,
Show the way of God’s exalting,
And His accomplishments through His own.

Then we read, further on, of his brethren
Coming down into Egypt for grain,
How he makes himself known, and receives them,
And we’re weeping; we cannot refrain.

O! if we only could find them,
More dreamers like Joseph of old,
Who are willing to dream or to suffer,
And faithful when hated and sold!

SONG TO THE SABBATH.

'Tis the blessed Sabbath morning.
The workings of the world
Have been silent since eve's gloaming,
The peace banner is unfurled;
And the soul is filled with glory,
The heart is full of praise
Unto Him, the High and Holy,
For the Sabbath, day of days.

From the wood comes wafted music,
At the dawning of the day,
Sweeter than the very harp chords
Is the song-bird's roundelay;
All the fields are full of daisies,
Buttercups, and violets too;
Who could live and not be thankful
All the blessed Sabbath through.

'Tis the blessed Sabbath morning:
The sky seems bending low,
No clouds are in the heavens,
The hours speed never slow,
As we seek our place of worship,
There a hymn of thanks to raise,
Unto Him, the High and Holy,
For His Sabbath, day of days.

IN MEMORIAM.

Another freind from us has gone,
Now in the grave reposes;
The soul ascending to his crown,
Given they whom God chooses.

We never more shall see his face,
So full of love sincerest,
Until we join the angel race,
And find our true and dearest.

How often do we miss and grieve
The silence of our neighbor;
But never shall our hearts believe
That death can part forever.

No more to work the Master's will,
On earth, nor pain nor sorrow;
But O! with God is never ill,
He cares for e'en the sparrow.

MEMORIAL DAY.

The growing tendency to make Memorial Day one of pleasure, by the opening of public parks and un-patriotic parades, is shocking; and should result in the earnest co-operation of every loyal, citizen, to preserve the day.

Once more 'tis here, that hallowed day,
In memory of the brave,
Who fought to save the Union,
And to liberate the slave.

When first the call, "To Arms", was sent,
They volunteered to go
Far away to the South-land,
To fight the stalwart foe.

Now they're resting from their labors,
And blessed be their rest,
For 'twas a righteous struggle,
And our fathers did their best.

So let us pre-determine, friends,
To keep their memory-day
From being fast encroached upon
By thoughtless ones and gay.

For on their day of memory,
All should unite with zest,
With respect for the living heroes
And honor for those at rest.

THE FINAL SUMMONS OF THE CHRISTIAN.

The youth and maiden worker
In the vine-yard here below,
The husbandman, and mother,
With sterner step and slow.

When time of evening gathers,
To mark the close of toil,
They hasten from the labors,
To find the peace encoil

'Tis thus the nobler worker,
In the vine-yard of the Lord,
Who sows in earth's dark valley
The seeds of light abroad.

Whose life and ardent struggle
Is to the Master's plan,
And whose heart doth ever cherish
Kind thoughts to brother man.

Who winneth o'er doubts and faintings,
Shall wear, at death's release,
The crown of man's approval
And God's eternal peace.

Sweet Rest! The holy summons
We all at length shall hear;
And long to meet in Heaven,
Our friends beyond and dear.

IN MEMORY OF A CHRISTIAN NEIGHBOR.

After a well fought battle,
The grandest sight to see,
Is the soldiers marching home-ward
With the crown of victoy.

'Tis thus at close of the conflict,
In loves unceasing strife,
The christian bears the promise
Of the fadeless crown of life.

Sadly we feel in parting
With her, so good and dear;
Whom we could always welcome,
Whose heart was full of cheer.

Always so entertaining,
When we perchance did call:
A model for the living,
The neighbor kind for us all.

But God doth rule the kingdoms
Of earth and the world to come
So it is love and wisdom
That calls our neighbors home.

And so at the close of the conflict,
In love's titanic strife:
She goeth Heaven-ward, wearing
The fadeless crown of life.

HEAVEN'S BLESSING.

Rejoice, O friend, nor weep nor sigh,
Brief are the days ere you and I
Hope to meet in Heaven above
Dear ones departed, whom we love.

Weep not above the lavished bier
As though we would detain them here,
Where friends are few, hearts are cold
And love is sacrificed for gold.

There is a city, O how blest!
The weary, who are called to rest
Within its quite, hallowed walls,
Where never, never pain befalls.

There is a river flowing by
A throne; The throne of God on high:
The streams thereof make glad the place
For the redeemed immortal race.

And so to be pitied then are we,
Who can each day contented be
With darkened portals in our way,
And a love which death can hold in sway.

But blessed are our departed, friends,
Who bore the cross unto life's end:
And who are called to the life beyond,
Where Christ shall bless them with, "Well Done."

WE LIVE BY CHANGE.

Composed for exchange Programme with
Manchester Grange.

Folks are looking for a change
Every day, on this little sphere;
A change in this, or a change in that,
To bring them better cheer.

Every person, excepting one,
That I ever heard tell of or knew
Is always hoping a change for the best
In something they have in view.

The exception is a boy I know
At first, he wanted a change,
So he disobeyed his Schoolmam's rules,
That's nothing very strange.

But O you little ruler!
Was applied to an outstretched hand;
The Teacher never stopped until
She'd whacked to beat the band.

This is the joke; when he went home,
To the folks he did relate,
'Bout how he'd had a lickin,
But had fooled the teacher great!

She told me to hold out tother hand,
But I made out that was sore;
And do you know she whipped me all on one,
And never said no more.

The kid thought he had fooled her,
But she had fooled him too,
For one hand was so lame and sore
He didn't know what to do.

But we like a change on every hand,
'Tis that makes life a game;
Even a young lady hopes and waits
Some day to change her name.

Folks like a change in weather.
Don't want it always bright
Rain clouds are sometimes welcomed
But not now, for a couple of nights.

We'd like a long vacation
In time of tobacco hoein,
When city folks are on the move.
We'd like to be a goin.

And, say, you fellows know how 'tis
When you've taken your gal to a show,
You're glad to have it Sunday
In the morning, don't you know?

The farmers would like a season once
To grow a fancy crop;
With lots of rain and sunshine
And no hail nor drouth to stop.

Some would like an airship,
Think they'd like to fly
As they read about the other folks
Who sail up in the sky.

Some folks would like an auto
They claim all else is trash;
They surely have the craze
But they haven't got the cash.

So we all are looking for a change
In this weary world below;
Every meeting night at the grange
We find it even so.

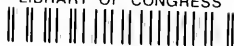
That's why we come to Manchester Grange.
That's why you came to Hillstown.
It's time now you had another change,
So I'll go away back and sit down.

DEC 7 1911

One copy del. to Cat. Div.

DEC 9

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